



# The Unlucky Ones



👁 306 ✓ 4 ★ 12

## Chapter 1 by Glendo

Well, since I'm not going anywhere soon, I might as well tell you my story. No one else is going to hear it.

Where I am right now is a place we just call Limbo. There's not much here besides what we brought, and we've had to make do. Hunger, thirst, and weariness do not exist here, so it's not much of a problem, but everything is so boring. There are no heroes here; if they'd done their job properly, maybe we wouldn't be here...

I guess it isn't their fault, what with everything that's been happening recently.

I'll start with this: I'm one of the unlucky ones. Think of a story. You know the kinds; I'm sure the concepts of heroes, villains, and dilemmas aren't strangers to you.

How about the guy that doesn't save the day, or try to destroy it? No, not the wise old sage that gives the hero his quest, or the blushing princess that he rescues, or even the thankful tavern owner whose customers have been redeemed from the jaws of a dragon. Think instead of the easily forgettable man in that tavern, the man whose only business was to get a drink, and contently listen to the minstrel's tune. The guy whose last thought was of saving the world, or being terrorised by monsters-

-the guy who dies before Chapter Two, basically.

He's one of us. I believe he's called Larry, and I don't suppose even the author knew that.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

brother. He was actually important, but no one could guess his name; they didn't know that crafty old Rumpel was Stilt's kin...

After his eventual defeat, he too found himself trapped in limbo with us all. The true irony of heroism is that the heroes failed to save all of us: it wasn't by letting us slip out of the tale unnoticed, but rather by sending our oppressors to stalk us even into eternity. My brother never forgets to remind me of that.

\*

Day 367, The Grimm Eve

\*

There's just been a villainous arrival that could change all of this forever. Right now, he's conversing with The First, our unlucky society's leaders. She's quite the shady type, but she thinks she's got something that'll earn our revenge against the selfish heroes. Cradled in her cunning hands is a relic that I can't make out from here. Some of her words are sneering and reach my ears; she can't stop talking about some Eclipse of the Worlds, whatever that is. She occasionally mentions the fact that we lost folk may have a chance of returning home to the Story and reclaiming the life that was taken from us.

Now that she has me- and in fact many others, for quite the crowd has gathered- interested, she holds aloft the relic.

A magic mirror, which means that this woman is either an evil queen or Medusa. No one else is deranged enough to believe that mirrors have power.

As a result, something in the grey area between mockery and disappointment ruffles through the crowd-

-until the mirror cast a beam skyward, projecting onto the sky images of the Moon ensnaring the Sun, and of the downfall of heroes.

What was a wave of denial had become a tsunami of excitement, and the First merely asked: "When will we return home?"

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

The woman smirked with... en plenty of imps in my time- as she gave the answer

"As the Sun reaches the end of its journey on The Grimm Day, so it shall be consumed by its lesser light, the Moon. And then, as both ink and blood are spilled, a path shall open that will join the worlds, and end our suffering..."

## Chapter 2 by Jelly Roll



The suffering, is in fact, eternal boredom. No hunger pang to tend to no thirst to quench. Never weary. Not alive. Bound by the written words on the pages of a book. We were supposed to LIVE happily ever after.

But once upon a time kept happening over and over again.

## Chapter 3 by Serendipity



**\*\*\*And then, as both ink and blood are spilled, a path shall open that will join the worlds, and end our suffering...\*\*\***

"Once upon a time..." What a laugh. It implies that it happened 'once', not over and over and over, like some broken and deranged jack-in-the-box.

But the idea and hope of release from this hellish - no, sorry, limboish - existence might actually be over. And soon! Imps are rarely to be trusted, but one with a magic mirror...well, that's another matter entirely.

The First asked her, "What is your name stranger? What mean you by this cryptic talk of blood and ink?"

She looked thoughtfully at him and replied, "My name is of no concern, but there are some who call me Kumquat. Kumquat the Enchantress. What if I were to tell you that your non-existence existence here is no mistake? That there is an Author who is the Author of all your deaths and rebirths. And that upon tomorrow, when the worlds align, we shall meet this Author and take our revenge!"

The First rubbed his chin in a thoughtful manner and paused before telling her "Well, I'd say you were a bloody loon. But as I and my comrades have made a wide sweeping motion to include us all, 'have nothing better to say than we do' is not?"

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

## Chapter 4 by Alphox



Of course, this was all cliché. That's how most things were in Limbo. You have these bored, broken down and oppressed people, a leader who will do anything, and some ugly old creature with an evil plan. Happens all the time.

It happened so often that it became a sort of holiday for us. We called it the TakeOver. The day where we would finally have a chance of leaving Limbo and taking over the "real" world. As you can imagine, we were never successful. We did get close one time. But as soon as we were about to kill the hero, our Caster had to cancel because his daughter had an ear infection. It happens sometimes.

I just stopped participating in TakeOver, completely. It just got boring. With all the promotions and the merchandise, it just took all of the fun out of it.

"Maybe this time it'll work." Hostage # 3 nudged me and grinned. He was a friend of mine. Well, not really a friend, more like an Annoying-Co-worker-That-Constantly-Follows-You-Because-He-Has-Nothing-Better-To-Do. He was the product of a failed hostage negotiation. One of those moments where the hero has some "Defining Moment" because of a failure.

"Eh, whatever. Probably'll just be like last year. And the year before that. And the year before that. And-"

"Okay, okay, I get it. Geez, man, you're no fun."

"I can be fun. Just not on Weekdays. And I take off on Weekends."

Hostage # 3 gave me a hard pat on the back.

"Cheer up, Stilts. I gotta feeling about this one! We'll definitely make it!"

"Whatever." I rolled my eyes and left, buying a shirt with the words "You Cain't TakeOver My

Funky Fresh Flow, Bro!

It was cheesy. But I liked it.

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 5 by Alex N

Login

or

Create new account



"Hoy! Where are you going?" asked Hostage #3 as I make my wholly unspectacular exit.

I continue walking without responding.

"Wait for me!" shouts Hostage #3 from behind.

"Goddamnit." I think to myself.

Limbo's full of mediocre people. Hostage #3 is no exception.

My unwanted companion rambles relentlessly as we walk, but his words are unintelligible to me. Unintelligible mostly because I'm actively trying to tune him out. I remain silent and unresponsive in hopes that he'll run out of things to say, get bored, and go about his probably-not-so-merry way. Wishful thinking in Limbo.

We trek onward through the monotony of Limbo, a place where expectations are low, climactic events are non-existent, and one's search for meaning leads nowhere.

I hold my breath hoping that the lack of oxygen will cause me to lose consciousness and escape Hostage #3's incessant chatter for just a few moments... Too hard. I ditch that plan and go about breathing normally again.

"Goddamnit." I think to myself.

Thoughts run through my mind of punching Hostage #3 as hard as I can, or at least commanding him to STFU at the top of my lungs. But, unsurprisingly, I abstain from acting out those thoughts.

Oh Limbo... what a beautifully uneventful place. At least I have this cool conversation tee, which in all likelihood won't spark any sort of engaging discourse.

**Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8**

**[i You need to login before writing - click here](#)**

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account